(3)

MONODY,

ON THE DEATH OF

JOHN THURLOW, Esq.

(PRICE ONE SHILLING.)

JAN

MONODY.

SILENT the golden lyre!
No ſtrains of heaven, no deep-enchanted tone
Rouſes the ſpirit of fancy from her throne,
And calls from their dark trance her fairy quire.---
Yet once more 'wake O hallow'd ſhell,
And burſt the wayward ſpell
That binds in icy chains the ſprings of thought.

For ſure no dearer theme,
With ampler ſcope, with richer paſſion fraught,
Can prompt thy lofty powers I deem,
Than o'er loſt Virtue's tomb to pay
The tribute of one penſive lay,
Its ſinking name to ſave,
And bid its glories live beyond the grave.

THURLOW, thy early doom,
While memory mourns, in fancy's loom
Her tender thought ſhall weave thy mind's fair form,
Picturing each grace, and all the radiant band
That liv'd within thy Briton heart.
Nor flattery's gaudy tints, too warm,
Shall ſtain her juſt deſign, and ſimple heart,
For faithful truth ſhall guide her chaſtened hand:

So Thou, O unſeen power! *
The ſtar which gilded my dark, natal hour,
Breathe o'er my ſoul thy ſacred fires---
Bleſt ſpirit! aid the verſe that gratitude inſpires.

Ah me! how oft doth pride in fev'riſh dream
Of grandeur, ſeek a ſhadowy worth
From the long, pageant line of titled birth.
O fool! to deem
That ſterling merit places its dear name
In borrow'd honors, and reflected fame.
In every age and clime
The wiſe and good are nobly born.
Friend of my life! ſo Thou didſt ſpring ſublime;
The genuine glories that did rich adorn
Thy father's houſe, to thee
Gifted with liberal hand. Hail Sire! †

Of

* The Author born on St. Cecilia's Day, Nov. 22.

† The Rev. Mr. Thurlow, Father to the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Biſhop of Lincoln, as well as to Mr. Thurlow.

Of heaven high favour'd, from whoſe fainted roof
Genius burſt forth on wings of fire,
Soaring ſupreme to nobleſt heights
Of ſcience, fame, and juſt authority.
There the firm guard of BRITAIN's rights,
Its dragon eye frowns far aloof
Each ruder ſpirit, and the hoſt of foes
Whoſe dark and envious hate would murder Her repoſe.

But ſprings not to each vulgar eye
Th' imperial ſtar of genius: its pure beams
Dart not on all fancy's ſublimeſt dreams
And golden light of thought.
Yet, THURLOW, was thy vigorous mind well-fraught
With the choice gifts that crown humanity.
Imagination on thy mental ſight
Pour'd forth no narrow proſpect: broad and fair
The airy landſcape glow'd, proudly bedight
With every graceful bloom of truth and taſte.

Beauty

Beauty in various form and light ſhone there,
Nat'ral, or moral: chief thy feeling ſenſe
Did own the tender virtues influence.
Such the rich viſions floating on thy ſoul,
Nor e'er from faithful memory eras'd,
Through life the fair forms liv'd, and held their
dear controul.

O in my breaſt for ever die
Truth, fancy, taſte, and every genial power
Of ſacred ſympathy
That paints with light the clouds of this dark ſphere;
If e'er my treacherous heart forget the hour,
When on my deepening night of woes
Thy Sun of pity 'roſe---
At whoſe bleſt beam faded the phantoms drear
Which haunted my ſad thought: foul want, and ſhame,
And dumb deſpair brooding on death.

Weep no more, LAURA, weep no more---
Nor ſink, lov'd form, with ſorrows ſecret flame,
Nor pour, ye ſilent ſighs, your ſickening breath:
The wintry ſtorm is o'er---
Shine out, ſweet ſmiles, in wonted beauty dreſt
The ſtorm is o'er---and huſh'd each ruffling fear to reſt.

THURLOW, thy generous heart
No more ſhall heal the wounds of ſorrows dart.
For ever ſhut that liberal hand
Wont ſuch wide bounties to diſpenſe:
And mute that tongue which ſpoke the patriot mind,
Burning for freedom, and its native land,
Yet the free friend of all mankind:
And heard no more that manly ſenſe
Which pour'd life's richeſt truths with graceful art,
And nature's genuine eloquence.

Friend

Friend of my life---farewell!
Vain our fond grief, our wiſhes vain.
Yet fancy oft on trembling wing ſhall dare
To ſeek thy ſhade in death's pale reign,
Thence, onward trace thee to the ſun-bright air
Breath'd by immortal ſpirits.---O if there
Thou meet my LAURAS angel-form---even here
On earth an angel-form---then truly tell
That ſtill this faithful heart holds dear
Her pureſt breaſt, where lov'd to dwell
The gentle virtues, ſtill the tender tear
Mourns her ſad loſs; tho' humbly hop'd the hour
When time, and pain, and ſorrow ſhall be o'er,
When ſprings th' eternal morn, and death ſhall part
no more.

Thus

Thus doth the muſe in ſimple verſe eſſay
To paint loſt THURLOW's generous mind. To Thee
O mitred Lincoln ſhe conſigns the lay:
Ah! not to prompt a brother's memory,
Nor with mean art to woo a courtly ſmile.
No-- if e'er taſte or feeling touch her ſtile,
Loſt be thoſe powers, when ſuch her groveling aim,
Withered by thy juſt frown, and dead to fame.

THE END.